

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO. 55

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1802.

WHOLE NO. 731.

THE MAID OF ST. MARINO.

[Continued from our last.]

EVERY one seemed struck with the importance of this mandate, against which there was no appeal; and Vanzenza (no longer Lestrange) was formally delivered up to the strangers. Jaques Mingotti, who dreaded the honest indignation of his distressed Lucia, would have withdrawn with her from the audience, but she burst from him—caught the hand of her dear tutor, and drawing him to her bosom—“ You will not go, my friend?—Leave not you poor Lucia—I am your child—The child of your love—Forgive me, my other father, I love you most dearly—but O! who can account for the pleadings of my heart for this dear object—Take him not away—See, they tear him from me!”—They did, indeed, with unpardonable ferocity, strive to separate a couple, at whose singular attachment all Marino had wondered; but in their rude endeavours to effect their painful parting, the ring, which Lucia had worn of late, was torn from the string, and it fell to the ground; when Vanzenza stooping, and eagerly catching it up—“ Powers of mercy!” he cried “ From whence came this, Lucia?—Who—who gave you a token so precious?” “I know not,” answered the trembling girl, while he once more folded his arms about her; but as if the bodily pangs to which he was condemned were to be preceded by mental ones the most acute, he was no longer permitted to stop, although he entreated, even upon his knees, for one half hour; and, amidst the execrations of the audience that dared not to interfere, the screams of Lucia, and his own heart rending petitions for time—the wretched Vanzenza was torn from his friends, and soon found himself without the environs of Marino.—Alonzo no sooner saw he was beyond the power of a Republic so venerated for its integrity, and so beloved for its mercy, than he readily accounted to Vanzenza for this second attack on his liberty.

But, prior to this account, it will be necessary to bring forward those events which had thrown this unhappy gentleman into the power of Alonzo; and this will be most effectually done by reciting the substance of a memoir, finished while he was at Marino, and which was found by Lucia in the chamber where he usually lodged, who wept over the affecting particulars, while her heart throbbed with an unusual sensation as she traced the feelings of a soul overwhelmed with agony.

From the contents of this memoir, it appeared, that Roderigo, a younger son of the house of Vanzenza, had attended Beangana, the affianced bride of Richard the First, in the capacity of usher to that noble lady; but that in consequence of a report that Count Francis, his brother, was murdered at his paternal seat, he immediately returned to Naples, at some little distance from whence the Castle was situated. Here the report was confirmed; but in a manner that chilled his blood. Fatigued and harassed both in body and mind, he could scarcely articulate his respect to Tancred, an ancient and favoured domestic, for permission to see his widowed sister Juliana. Affected by his distress, the good creature, instead

of complying with the request, urged him to take some refreshment. Roderigo looked up with an air of surprise—“ You evade my question, Tancred. I would see the Countess. My brother is murdered; for her I would learn the particulars. Distressed as she undoubtedly is, Juliana will nevertheless receive with redoubled tenderness a participating friend and brother.” Tancred shook his venerable head—“ Alas! no, my Lord—The Countess has never been visible to strangers since her husband's death. Even the Signor Taverini was scarcely admitted. Her grief exceeds all due bounds—and then—pardon me, Signor—but the report—” “ What report?—but begone, old man, nor tempt my rage.—Strangers—said you?—Is the lamenting brother of Count Francis classed with strangers?—Yet stop.—Who is this Taverini, who is admitted to privileges unallowed to Roderigo Vanzenza?”—Tancred hesitated, and was about to speak; when, at the appearance of a Cavalier, muffled up in a black cloak, he bowed, and was retiring. But Vanzenza, seizing his shoulder—“ Speak he demanded, “ who is this Taverini?” “ I,” cried the Cavalier, letting fall the cloak which had covered the lower part of his face—“ I am Signor Taverini,” exchanging the most indignant looks with Roderigo—with one who seemed ready to defy him to the teeth. “ And I,” answered the agitated Count, “ am Count Vanzenza, brother to the late unhappy Francis.” Taverini stepped back.—“ You are come,” he rejoined, “ in an unlucky moment—the Countess's grief—” “ Cannot exceed mine, Signor. Tancred, shew me to her apartment.” Tancred moved reluctantly, but commanded by him, who was now his Lord, he dared not dispute. And stopping at a room, which opened upon a corridor that faced the noble garden, he gladly retired. This room was hung with all the insignia of the most pompous mourning; and at the farther end, in a small oratory, he beheld the Countess in a robe of black. Her face was turned from the door; but hearing him enter—“ I thought you long,” she said. These are melancholy moments to pass alone!” The softness of her accents alarmed Roderigo, who had often remarked her haughty tone, even when addressing her late Lord; but distress, thought he, can quell the highest spirit. He was now advancing, when a violent shriek from Juliana arrested his step—“ Save me,” cried the amazed Lady—“ he comes again to dip his hands in blood!” Appalled at this terrible exclamation, Vanzenza turned to Taverini, who entered in haste, for a solution of such an extraordinary address.—“ She is frantic, my Lord. Her words are not to be regarded. Some terrible reports have obtained since her Lord's death.”—“ Reports, again!” interrupted the astonished nobleman. “ To what do they belong?—of what nature?” “ I can only say,” returned Taverini, “ that the chambers facing the sea have exhibited some horrible appearances, which indeed could not be concealed from Lady Juliana; and she is now convinced that our late honored friend, whom you have been told was found dead in one of these rooms, owes his death to—” “ O,” cried the Countess, “ to a monster, who dares insult me by his presence!” Roderigo's countenance darkened with suspicion; he frowned awfully upon Taverini.—The words he had just witnessed were of import; however, this was no time for investigation, and he approached his sister with a view of offering that consolation her sad situation demanded. She grew calmer, but chose not to enter into any conversation; and this reluctance he attributed to the presence of Taverini. Finding her gloomy reserve increase, rather than diminish, he quitted her presence, under the idea that his brother had received foul play, and fully determined to watch the motions of him who he now violently suspected to be the author of the present calamity.

As Count Vanzenza was now the ostensible Lord of his brother's household, he naturally expected the homage due to his claims; but in the countenance of every domestic he fancied a reluctance to attend him: a dislike, approaching to horror, seemed to supersede the concern they might be supposed to feel for their late loss. One only of the numerous train paid the respect his state exacted, and this man was Tancred. The Count observing his readiness to oblige, commanded his attendance at supper. Tancred appeared pleased at the distinction; and, during his Lordship's repast, related the following circumstance of Count Francis' demise, with its consequences.

It was usual, he said, for Taverini, who was a relation of Lady Juliana's to sit at table with her long after her husband had retired for the night; and this, the old man feared, was a cause of much contention between the noble couple; particularly, on the night of his death, the Count had gone to his chamber in open displeasure, and he believed slept alone. That about four in the morning a cry of murder sounded through the Castle. Terrified at the unusual disturbance, he ran up the great stairs, and met Lady Juliana in her night dress, her hair dishevelled, her hands clasped, and, exhibiting every mark of distraction, exclaiming—“ My love, my life, my murdered Francis!” That, without stopping, he ran forwards, and discovered his Lord lying on a bed, with every appearance of being strangled. His casement was open, part of a napkin lying on the window; on the ground Tancred saw a lock of black hair, a piece of a shirt, and an old hat. It was plain the assassin escaped by means of the window, and that the poor victim had struggled hard for his life.

He then went on to mention the extraordinary, but ineffectual means taken to discover the murderers; and how very active Taverini had been on that head. Vanzenza shuddered.—“ But now, my Lord,” concluded the garrulous orator, “ comes the worst of the story. Ever since the night he was buried, those chambers, [pointing to two, opposite Roderigo's apartment] are troubled—here my dear master appears nightly;—and—but that—” “ But what, Tancred?”—“ Why this is all, and please your—” “ Something yet remains to be explained, Tancred; your hints, and those of Juliana, mean a dreadful mystery. Speak, then on your duty I charge you, speak.” I cannot, so please you—I dare not,” cried the ancient creature, dropping on his knees—“ Oh, it

is a secret, so awful!—but watch with me, my Lord, this night, and you—.” “Slave!” exclaimed the enraged Count, while he half drew his sword, “am I to be trifled with?” “O, no, your lordship—forgive me; it is not my own invention; but when the apparition—See, my Lord, that door—I think it moves—it opens—!”

Tancré was not deceived; the door did open—a shriek was heard—and the words “Vengeance, vengeance on my murderer!” followed. Vanzenza was petrified, and could scarcely raise the terror-struck Tancré, who, grasping the Count’s knees, begged him to leave the Castle, for his life was not safe. “How! my life!” “O, my Lord, all the servants think—” “Think what?” “That you are your brother’s murderer.”

[To be continued.]

FILIAL LOVE.

During the war of La Vendée, the Duc de la Roche-Yoncault (condemned to die, as well as his daughter) found in the resources of that affectionate girl the means of concealing himself till a period arrived more favorable to that justice which he successfully claimed. His daughter’s first care was to place him under the roof and protection of an artisan, who had been formerly a domestic in the Duke’s service, after which he procured an asylum for herself. They were thus both secure from the immediate power of their persecutors; but as the Duke’s property was confiscated, and as compassion is apt to grow weary of its good offices, the means of their bare subsistence were soon worn out. While the daughter was suffering under the extreme of poverty, she learnt that her father’s health was declining for want of due nourishment. She now saw no way but to devote her life to save her father’s, and the instantly made the resolve. A General of the Republic at that time was passing through the city in which was her place of concealment, and to him she wrote the following letter:

CITIZEN GENERAL,

“ WHEREVER the voice of nature is heard, a daughter may be allowed to claim the compassion of men in behalf of her father. Condemned to death at the same time with him who gave me being, I have successfully preserved him from the sword of the executioner, and have preserved myself to watch over his safety. But in saving his life, I have not been able to furnish all that is necessary to support him. My unhappy father whose entire property is confiscated, suffers at this moment the want of almost every thing—Without clothes, without bread, without a friend to save him from perishing of want, he has not even the resource of the beggar, which still furnishes a little hope, that of being able to appeal to the compassionate, and to present his white hairs to those that might be moved to give him aid; my father, if he is not speedily succoured, will die in his place of concealment, and thus after snatching him from a violent death, I shall have to sustain the mournful reflection of having betrayed him into one more lingering and painful—that of dying of cold and hunger.”

“ Be the judge, Citizen General, of the extent of my misfortune, and own that it is worthy of pity. One resource only is left to me. It is to cast myself upon your generosity. I offer you my head; I undertake to go, and to go willingly, to the scaffold, but give immediate succour to my dying father. Below I give you the name of my place of concealment; there I will expect death with pleasure, if I may promise myself that you will be touched with my prayers, and will relieve my old and destitute parent.”

The soldier had no sooner read this letter than he hastened to the asylum of Madame de Rochefoucault, and not only relieved her father, but secretly protected both, and after the 9th Thermidor, procured the restoration of M. de Rochefoucault’s property by a revision of their sentence.

[Lond. pap.]

ANEGDOTE.

A Court-Buffoon having offended his sovereign, the monarch ordered him to be brought before him, and with a stern countenance, reproaching him with his crime, said to him, “Wretch! you shall receive the punishment you merit; prepare yourself for death!” The culprit, in great terror, fell on his knees, and cried for mercy.—“I will extend no other mercy to you,” said the prince, “except permitting you to chuse what kind of death you will die; decide immediately, for I will be obeyed.” “I adore your clemency,” replied the crafty jester, “I chuse to die of old age.”

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MISS ***** Wall-street.

BLEST with a generous heart, a virtuous mind,
Engaging wit by solid sense refined;
The loveliest form, with ev’ry winning grace,
Softness of manners, and the fairest face;
You cannot but inspire each heart with love,—
Such charms as yours might e’en a stoic move.

HOWARD.

AUTUMN.

[From Dr. JOHNSON.]

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature’s face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.
‘Twas Spring, ‘twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flow’rs of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.
The verdant leaves that play’d on high,
And wanton’d on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.
The fields that wav’d with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare,
Not moist with dew, but drench’d in rain;
Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.
No more, while thro’ the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon’s pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing wots my heart invade,
As Pronge pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight, I’d fly.
Vain with me fate compels to bear
The downward season’s iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.
What blis to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and flow’rs, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flow’rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

O! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains, the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty pow’r.
Haste, press the cluster, fill the bowl;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the foul,
This god of health, and verie, and day.
Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat,
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every biss in wine shall meet.

THE PROGRESS OF AFFECTION.

[From BOSCAVEN’S Poems.]

WHEN the first dawn of Celia’s charms
Rose to my unexpected sight,
Entrap’t wonder, soft alarms,
Fill’d every sense with new delight.
Yet by the world’s examples taugt,,
Which scorns the gen’rous flame to own,
I little heeded, little thought,
That “Love is Virtue’s gift alone!”
When native sense and modest grace,
With manners artless, tho’ refin’d,
Ensor’d the triumph of the face,
And gently chain’d the willing mind,
By just reflection undeceiv’d,
Stern Reason bow’d at Beauty’s throne;
Then first I thought, then first believ’d,
That “Love is Virtue’s gift alone.”
But when Affection’s soft control,
Beyond or sense or beauty’s power,
Had purifed, had fix’d the soul,
Once varying with the changeful hour:
By truth and tenderness I strove
To merit bliss till then unknown;
Ah! then I felt the power of Love!
For “Love is Virtue’s gift alone.”

THE PIN.

[From a Paris Journal.]

OUR neighbours the English, if we may judge from their marriage contracts, or at least were, the greatest consumers of pins in the world. Nothing is more usual than for a lady of fashion to be allowed a thousand pounds sterling a year (24,000 livres tournois) for the single article of pins. Historians relate, that in those days when pin-money was first introduced, the English ladies confined a vast number of pins to fasten their clothes. In process of time, however, the consumption of pins had decreased, and in the exact proportion with the diminution of drapery. At Paris, God knows a husband will not be ruined by the expence of pins! Now-a-days an elegant makes almost as little use of a pins as of a needle!

But yet allow me to tell your dames of fashion, for whom pins have become useless, that a pin in place may sometimes be of importance to the reputation of your charms! Little do you think how much even a beauty may be indebted to a pin! Little do you consider how many vows, how many addresses, depend upon a single pin! Take out that solitary pin which, strange to tell, has found its way into your robe; take out that pin, and the Loves and Desires, which hover round what it mysteriously conceals, disappear. The imagination droops its wing; the illusion vanishes; pleasure is disappointed, and flies in search of new deceptions. Ah, madam! learn to conceal with grace; and remember that your charms soon lose their power when you display their utmost force. Above all, know that there are some pins which you should rarely unfasten!

OBSERVATION.

THE mind is ever ingenious in making its own distres. The wandering beggar, who has none to protect, to feed, or to shelter him, fancies complete happiness in labor and a full meal. Take him from rags and want; feed, clothe and employ him; his wishes now rise one step above his station. He could be happy, were he possessed of raiment, food and ease. Suppose his wishes gratified, even in this; his prospects widen as he ascends; he finds himself in affluence and tranquillity, indeed; but indolence soon breeds anxiety; and he desires not only to be freed from pain, but to be possessed of pleasure. Pleasure is granted him; and this but opens his soul to ambition, and ambition will be sure to taint his future happiness, either with jealousy, disappointment, or fatigue.

LOVE AND DEATH.

LOVE and Death resemble each other in many points. Both of them are blind, both are armed with darts, and both are equally cruel. Death strikes the prince and the peasant, levels the sceptre with the spade; and Love excites the same empire. Both despise honor and riches; they acknowledge no distinction among mortals. True Love, like Death, never dies. These two tyrants of human life leave us no consolation but sighs and tears; they are equally insensible to intreaties and to bribes. The principal difference between them is, that Death at last triumphs over every thing, but Love cannot overcome virtue.

ANECDOTES.

IN the reign of Alfonso V. of Portugal, a treaty of peace was set on foot between Portugal and Castile. Ambassadors from both kingdoms held different meetings to settle the preliminaries, but in vain. Alfonso, weary of procrastination, had recourse to a singular expedient: he dispatched one of his ministers to the king of Castile with a die, on one side of which was engraved the word PEACE, on the opposite side WAR. The Castilian sovereign having agreed to terminate the contest in this manner, the die was cast, and displayed its peaceful face.—Hereupon a treaty of peace was concluded between both kingdoms for the space of one hundred and one years; and it happened to be executed to the letter, it being just one hundred and one years after when Philip II. declared war against Portugal.

The general language of a challenge is curious. After stating the villainy and injustice of the receiver, and inviting him to attend at a given time and place, to be run through the body, or shot through the head, it ends with, “I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.”

The late King of France concluded his letter of exile to the Parliament of Paris in the following terms, which were dictated by an equally fierce heart. “I pray God to have you to his holy guard,” when it was notorious to the whole world that he wished every one of them at the devil.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1802.

From the returns made by the different Sextons into the Office of the City Clerk, it appears that the number of interments during the week ending to 4 P.M. amounted to thirty-one; viz.—Old Age 1, Apoplexy 6, Scrophulus 1, Intermittent Fever 9, Taky 1, Jaundice 1, Vomiting Blood 1, Old Age 1, Small Pox 1, Hug 3, Sudden Death 1, Relax 1, Cold of the Liver 1, Flux 1, Inflammation 2, Drowsy in the head 1, and 8 of Diseases not well known. Eight were adults, and 23 children.

By the brig Eliza and Mary, Captain M'Neal which arrived on Saturday in 36 days from Havre, we have received, from our correspondent at that place, London papers as late as the 6th of September and Paris to the 15th. A rumor prevailed in Paris of the death of General la Fayette, better known in this country by the title of the Marquis de la Fayette, and always esteemed by every true American, as the friend of our country in the times that tried men's souls. We sincerely hope that the report is premature, and it is unattended with any circumstances or particulars. A Treaty of peace between France and the Porte has been exchanged and ratified, it is dated the 6th Thermidor (26th June) By the 2d article of this treaty, the French are to enjoy, in the territories of the Sublime Porte, every privilege enjoyed by any other power. The French nation is moreover entitled to the free and uninterrupted navigation of the Black Sea, with all the privileges and protection extended to merchant vessels navigating that sea. In return, a reciprocity of privileges are granted to Ottoman vessels in the ports of the French republic. The French Republic and Sublime Porte, by the 5th article, mutually guarantee the integrity of their respective possessions. The Treaty between France and Algiers, as more interesting to Americans, in consequence of the situation of the United States, with their piratical powers, is given at full length, together with Mr. Talleyrand's Report. The spirited letter of the First Consul to the Dey of Algiers, may serve as a useful precedent to our government, in its negotiations with the very high and very magnificent Bey of Tripoli. [D. Adv.

On Tuesday night last, a copper bottom Bermudian schooner, from Antigua, was lost on the point of Sandy-Hook. It is supposed to be the Experiment, with a cargo of rum and sugar consigned to Messrs. Saltus, Son & Co. of this city. We are sorry to learn that the Captain was drowned in attempting to get ashore—the rest of the crew were saved.

(CIRCULAR.)

Madrid, August 15, 1802.

On the 11th inst. the Plenipotentiaries of the United States and Spain signified a convention for the appointment of commissioners, who are to form a board, to sit at Madrid, for the indemnification of those who have sustained losses, damages or injuries, in consequence of the excesses of individuals of either nation, during the late war, contrary to the existing treaty, or the laws of nations. The convention to have no force or effect until ratified by the contracting parties.

M. YOUNG.

Extract of a letter from a Gentleman in Fayetteville, (N. C.) dated the 15th inst.

A letter received here yesterday, by a young gentleman of the Academy, from his father, a very respectable man in George-Town, S. C. dated the 11th inst. says, "This town and neighbourhood are all in great alarm; four French Frigates from St Domingo, were the whole of yesterday employed in landing brigand Negroes at Mr. Allison's sea-shoot plantation, Waccamaw, and it is said they have landed not less than one thousand—The militia are marching from all directions against them. I presume these are the Frigates that were some time ago at New-York, and finding that they could not effect their design there, steered round to take advantage of a more defenceless place."

On the 6th of October, Mr. Levi Marston, of North Hampton, N. H. was at work in a well at Mr. Isaiah Berry's in Greenland. The well was about 14 feet deep. As the tub, in which the stones were conveyed to the workmen, was raised from the platform at the top of the well to be let down, the bottom edge of it struck a piece of timber, which lay across the well, and threw up a stone that weighed upwards of 20 pounds, which fell directly on Mr. Marston's head, who was stooping down and pla-

ying a stone about 12 feet from the bottom, to which height the well was stoned. Mr. Marston was struck head foremost to the bottom of the well, in which there were about 7 feet water. Mr. Dow of Rye, who was at work with him, hastened down to the water and exerted his strength to raise him without success, as Mr. Marston in struggling had fallen one foot among the stones. Mr. Berry, who was at the top of the well when the accident happened, descended immediately, and with Mr. Dow freed him about half way out of the water, but our foot being still fastened to the wall, he slipped from their hold and fell again to the bottom. Their exertions would probably have proved wholly ineffectual, had not Mr. Marston's recollection so far returned that he became sensible of his situation, disengaged his foot from the stones himself, and threw his feet together. They made a third effort, which was successful, and bro't him out of the well apparently dead—he came to however in a few minutes. It is remarkable that his recollection returned so soon after he struck the bottom, that he heard their conversation distinctly, and after he was taken out of the well and supposed to be dead he understood all that was said. It is supposed that he was in the water a minute and a half, but held his breath so entirely, that no water issued from his mouth or nose after he was taken out. Mr. M. received a large wound on the head; his hat probably prevented a fracture of the skull. He was considerably bruised on his head, arms, legs, and in almost every part of his body. Under the care and attention of Dr. Fogg, who was immediately called and has since attended him, he is now on the recovery. Instances like this, peculiarly call for a grateful acknowledgement of a constant overruling Providence. A more striking instance of preservation in extreme danger seldom occurs.

TORNADO.

METHUEN, (Mass.) Sept. 28.

Last week, on Wednesday, about two o'clock, P. M. the clouds presented a most threatening aspect; they arose from the N. W. and S. W. and approached each other with terrible majesty and rapidity; they were very black, and in the greatest agitation; and their conjunction produced the most shocking and terrible wind ever known in these parts. It began near Capt. E. Carleton's, and took a N. E. direction, 20 or 30 rods in width, tearing and rending every thing that it met in its way; limbs of trees were seen flying in the air; a number of orchards were destroyed, and the apple trees were moved a number of rods—one large apple tree was seen 20 or 30 feet in the air, and was carried by the wind 50 or 60 rods from the place where it stood; a cow was thrown over a stone wall, and considerably injured—and stone walls, in many places, were blown down, and even the foundation stones moved 10 or 12 feet, some of which were as much as two men could lift.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

On Monday night, towards the end of Peckham Fair, such a scene of villainy and bloodshed took place, as was never perhaps heard of on a similar occasion. At different parts of the ground on which the Fair at Peckham is principally held, are some narrow entrances, through which people pass backwards and forwards. On their return that way about ten o'clock, a numerous and desperate gang of pickpockets planted themselves near the passage, and as the people came up, openly attacked those who appeared worth plundering. They first snatched away the hats of both men and women, and the women's handkerchiefs from off their necks. Some young women, of decent appearance, were stripped to their petticoats, and several gentlemen, after losing their hats, had the flaps of their coats, as well as their pockets, cut away by instruments; and many lost their money and their watches. Those who resisted were treated in the most brutal manner.—A female actually had one of her ears cut off for the sake of a valuable earring, the villains not being able to pull it away as they had done the other. Many respectable persons who had endeavoured to defend their property, were dreadfully mangled with sticks about the head and face.—A young man and woman of very decent appearance were attacked by a party of the same gang on the road leading from Peckham to London; they cut away the young man's pocket, and took his hat, and then seized the affrighted female, whose dreadful shrieks, though heard all over the neighborhood, did not prevent them from cutting off her pocket. The same night a young man being out late, was robbed by three villains on Blackfriars Bridge of a guinea. It also appears that the gang, after robbing a young man in Peckham lane, threw him into a ditch, where he was found senseless.

COURT OF HYMEN.

O LOVE! thou softest passion of the mind!
Whose wond'rous chains the willing captive bind!
Say, why with eager haste we run to meet
Thy joys so painful, and thy pains so sweet?
Fantastic charmer! shall we never know
Whence springs this mighty weight of human woe?
Slaves to thy power, to freedom born in vain,
We hate our liberty, and hug thy chain.

MARRIED.

On Friday the 8th inst. at Shawengunk, by the Rev. Mr Myers, Mr. JAMES BROWN, to Miss ANN GRAHAM.

On the 14th inst. at Mount Pleasant, by the Rev. Mr. Nelson, Mr. NATHANIEL GARRETTSON, aged 63, to Miss CLARISSA MILLER, aged 23.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. ASA WAUGH, to Miss SALLY COWDRY, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. JOSEPH CRANE to Miss ELEN GOLDSMITH both of this city.

[From London papers.]

On Thursday Aug. 19, Thomas Proctor, aged 83, went to a carpenter in Lancaster, and coolly bespake his coffin, for which, however, he would not give more than 14 shillings, declaring that he got one made about four years ago, much cheaper; but his brother having since died, he had given it to him. The coffin was accordingly delivered to the owner, and paid for the next day. This singular character, who is possessed of some little property, had his will made, a few days ago, and would pay only two shillings for it. He has also given one of his deceased wife's printed cotton gowns to be made in a shroud for him.

A most extraordinary leap was taken by a horse belonging to the 17th light dragoons, a few days ago, on the Greaves near Lancaster. As two of the men were going through the fourth division of the sword exercise, on horseback, fully accoutred and being at full speed, one of them perceiving a large hole in the ground just before him, clapt spurs into the horse, and cleared it. It was afterwards measured, and found to be 26 feet 6 inches over.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented, the Tragedy of Isabella,

OR THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

To which will be added, the Pantomime of Robinson Crusoe.

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. I, FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER and PEWTERER, No. 298 Water-street, between Peck and New Slips, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the above business extensively; and that any orders with which he may be favored will be executed with punctuality and dispatch on moderate terms. Sheet Lead manufactured equal to any imported. Worms for hills, Candle Moulds, and a general assortment of Pewter Articles. An Apprentice wanted to the above business.

Oct. 16, 1802.

TICE'S
Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING,

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the best preservative and the greatest beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it soft and smooth, and never fails. Black Morocco that has lost its lustre, is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. For sale, wholesale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for use, with J. Tice's signature, as none else are genuine, by G. CAMP, No. 143 Pearl-street, Just

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

VERSES.

Written by a gentleman in Ireland, previous to the late "Rebellion" there, and in case of its not succeeding to emancipate his country, had resolved to settle in America, where he now resides.

WHEN forc'd by oppression to quit friends and home,
In far distant countries abandon'd to rosin,
Oh! let us once more turn to view the dear spot,
Where yonder green willow thick shelters our cot.
There rises the lane where my ancestors pray'd,
And there lies the tomb where their ashes are laid.
On yon verdant plains I wander'd a boy,
And there I first tasted love, friendship, and joy.
Ah! who could forget a country so dear,
And who could forsake it and not shed a tear!
Then still will I cherish, wherever I rove,
Thy name, O my country! my Erin! my love!

For thee, hapless Erin! wherever I go
My heart still will beat, and my tears still will flow;
For power still will ravage thy populous plains,
Degrade thy bold race, and rivet thy chains:
And still will thy generous offspring be slaves,
Still boldly meet death in the field,—on the waves,
And shed their hearts blood that the laurels may grow,
That deck the proud fronts of their insolent foe.
But hark! for I hear the loud trumpet sound,
I see Erin's bold sons all gathering around;
The day then is come, to arms, boys, to arms,
In our country's cause sure death has its charms!
Then curs'd be the man who flinches or flies,
And bles'd be the youth who combats and dies.
United we'll live, united we'll fall,
And freedom or death be the portion of all.
Americans! who honor the just and the brave,
And, frowning, look down on the tyrant and slave,
Oh! smile on our efforts, and crown with applause
The heroes who struggle in Liberty's cause;
We are friends, we are brothers, our cause is the same,
We combat, like you, for Freedom and Fame,
Like your fathers we combat for Liberty's meed,
And like them we will conquer, or like them will bleed.
So come, my brave boys, let us raise each his hand,
And swear to deliver this much-injur'd land;
Tho' force may oppress us, still flight shan't disgrace
Fair Liberty's soldiers, and Erin's bold race.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO A STREAM.

GENTLY-falling murmur'ring stream,
Gliding like a summer's dream,
Teach the passions of my soul
Uniformly thus to roll;
Hush the cares that fill my breast,
Sooth my anxious thoughts to rest.
But, fair stream, to me in vain
Thy murmurs echo through the plain;
Though soft and sweet, they cannot heal
The tender cares I daily feel,
While doom'd to wander through the grove,
Alone and absent from my love.
Through the meadows night and day
Steady thou purſt thy way,
Whispering in the penitive ear,
That delights to wander near,
Tender strains of infant love,
Thoughts of joy he hopes to prove—
Now down the hill I see thee stray,
And now through meadows lead thy way,
Till thy maze is run at last,
And the hill and mead is past,
Thou join'st the sea at yonder shore,
And then art known to us no more.
—Thus down the stream of life I glide,
O! how rapid is the tide!
Through the scenes of joy and woe
Onward still I'm doom'd to go,
Till past that sublunary coast,
In futurity I'm lost.

Lyme, Sept. 1802.

AMICUS.

MORALIST.

BOTH reason and experience bear witness, that the permanent existence of freedom among any people essentially depends on the general prevalence of public and private virtue. Unless this water of life replenish its roots and invigorate its branches, the sacred tree of liberty will soon wither and die. If the great mass of a people become deeply corrupted, vain would be the efficacy of charters of rights and the best systems of government, for the security and perpetuation of their privileges. Though a political constitution might be sent them from heaven, and angels in human form might administer it, such a corrupted people could not remain either free or happy. In this view, the public interest is essentially affected by the manner in which parents train up their children: because every family that is brought up in idleness and vice, is to the nation, like a polluted stream, flowing into a common reservoir, and which tends to corrupt the whole mass. Therefore, as the education of children, as well under the domestic roof as in schools, is a circumstance from which the national interest is deeply staked, it is a proper subject of legislation, and requires the vigilant attention of government.—[Balance.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Just published, and to be had at Fenelon's Head, No. 1 of the City Hotel, Broadway, a SUPPLEMENT to the CATALOGUE of H. CARITAT's general and increasing Circulating Library, part III, containing a selection from his last importations of the latest and most approved books in all ARTS and SCIENCES, being a continuation of the original collection, the first catalogue of which was published in the year 1799, to be had also at said Library to make the present complete.

28th August.

For the Use of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,
Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped bands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy--this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81

William-street, New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as, Pomatum of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powder, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balis, Essences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Artificial Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizels, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strips of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cafes for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swansdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c.

June 26 13 a.m.

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,
Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan, Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redness of the Nose, Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been administered by the inventor, for several years while in England with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid for a short time, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming scurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every person so afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Dispensary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, sold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents.

July 24

AN EVENING SCHOOL

Will be opened by the subscriber, on Monday, the 11th inst. at his room, in Mott-street, three doors above the new English Lutheran Church; where WRITING, ARITHMETIC, GEOGRAPHY, &c. will be taught; strict decorum insisted on; and the utmost attention paid to his pupils. No scholars will be admitted who are not so far advanced as to write.

WALTER TOWNSEND.

October 9, 1802.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A REPORT having prevailed for some time, that the FURRIERS, who carry on business in WILLIAM STREET, have, from time to time, sold colored or dyed Bear and Martin Skin Muffs and Tippets, and attempted to palm them on the public as the genuine color of the skin:—I beg leave thus publicly and solemnly to declare, that I never have sold any such base and spurious articles; and altho' I cannot deny the probability of such articles having been offered for sale in the above-mentioned Street, yet I pledge myself to my friends, customers and the public, that none such have, or ever shall be offered for sale in my store.

FRANCIS WUNNENBERG.

120 William-Street, Sept. 20, 1802.

27 3m

JOHN WENDEL, FURRIER,

No. 118 William-Street,

Returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for their past encouragement, and hopes that notwithstanding the envious insinuations of his competitors, to merit a continuance of their patronage. He has now on hand an extensive assortment of MUFFS and TIPPETS, which, owing to his intended departure for Europe, will be disposed of at reduced prices, viz.

North-west brown Martin MUFFS and TIPPETS.		
Martin Tail and Tip	do.	do.
Common	do.	do.
Mock	do.	do.
German	do.	do.
Brown and Black Genet.	do.	do.
Fine Canada Bear	do.	do.
Silver Grey Russia	do.	do.
Red Fox	do.	do.

With a large collection of TRIMMINGS for Cloaks, and Martin Skin Caps, of every description.

The above goods are warranted to be equal in quality to any manufactured in the United States. Oct. 16. 4w

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having seen and read a Note directed to the Public, dated September 20th, 1802, respecting a report said to have been propagated, namely that the furriers in William Street palming dyed or coloured Martin Muffs and Tippets on the public as the genuine and natural colour of the Fur.—And likewise an Advertisement of a variety of Muffs, Tippets, and Caps, for sale in the above named street.—Takes leave to inform the public in general, or any individual, by what means to discover the imposition above alluded to: If they or any of them are already deceived as aforesaid, in order to discover dyed or coloured fur, blow thereon, and you will find the skin dark, contrary to the genuine, which is white; likewise wet the finger of a white kid glove, rub the same on the short fur next to the skin, and you will find the glove stained. But, as you may yet be deceived, notwithstanding the above directions, I shall name another that cannot fail; that is, the dyed or colored muffs are precisely one shade without such dark stripes as are on the natural or genuine. If any person or persons should think their own judgment incompetent to discover said fraud, they may call at No. 84 Maiden-lane, or at No. 1 Liberty-street, and I pledge myself to discover the dyed or colored fur from the natural shade of any kind whatsoever. In the advertisement above intended, I find offered for sale a variety of articles in the fur line; and having followed the Furriers business for so years in Europe and America, find himself at a loss what is meant by German brown muffs and tippets. The Martin fur worked in Germany is not so dark and valuable as our Albany Martins. As to mock Brown Martin fur if that be not dyed or coloured, I know not what to name it.—Black Genet fur is black Cat; brown do. is colored Cat; mock Martin, so called by many, is Mink fur.

CARL A. HOFFMANN, FURRIER.

October 23, 1802.

4w.

NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

Those Young Ladies, who cannot conveniently attend day school, are hereby informed that an Evening Class for young women only, will be opened at No. 178 William-Street, near the North Church, on Monday next. As Mr. FRASER keeps a CIRCULATING LIBRARY, the young ladies will (occasionally) be indulged with the perusal of some chaste and entertaining books.

Some cents a week to make a girl a scholar
Is nought, says ANN, I'd freely give a dollar;

We all should read, I think, before we marry;

Let's go, says JENNY, SALLY, KATE and MARY.

NB. Hours of attendance from 6 till 8 o'clock.

Printed & Published by JOHN HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.